CENTERING

"the
support of an arch
or vault
during construction"

MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN PRESS

"Some of the ways may appear redundant, yet each differs from any other. Some may seem simple, yet any one requires constant dedication even to test it."

CONTRIBUTORS
Jim Wehlage
Eileen Adams
Larry Eigner
Judson Crews
Marianne Baskin
Bill Cody
Robert Parker

PHOTOGRAPHY
Ray Belcher

25¢

Daniel D. Teoli Jr.
Archival Collection

babey

come with me

barefeet

into

this nite rain

into

this warm moist nite

barefeet

barelimbed

into

this nite air

into this crystal clean air

which we swacked against the blackness

and stars.

we are cleaned

cleanst from top to bottom

un

salted by the rain. come,into

the form fitted air

around you

bared feet

wetted limbs. there are thousands of drops-

thousands of wetted armhairs

and each single one like white

street lines.

the street is glistening with head lites

and the streetlites are alone,

moving thru the wetness

feet time rain;walking. steel

weightless

drops splashing

wet lite

wet

asphalt. come

with me babey and walk into wetness.

its like music.

its i like music.

the answer bouncing like a long stemmed

dandelion in april

the most brilliant color in the rainbow,
a bunch of

fantastic

lite beams,smiles,clear ribbons of rain

coloring the sky

the bridge of the sun,the long

womans belly,the horizon.

bubbling up like a stream of sap

thru the trunk

touching the branches ,bright

colored bubble surfaces

of sap,spring of sap bubbles

the conscious of the tree

of the earth it grows in

of you

all merged into the bubbling clearness

sun splashed in an ocean of lite

the shaking of the earth when

music is here,

when there is music. the earth opens up

receives

because its time has come,and the bubbling goes out

into the new land

like a bird leaving the nest,the first wind

on the warmth of the body,the
contact,the hit,
the bright time of feeling clearly,bringing joy
up like suction
like breathing out brings the breath back in
elation,
moving further on.
all this emanates from the head of a man
who walks up the street,it is
his odor,his essence.

To Jeffie

Jeffie with your house full of
cockroaches,
In the oven of your house by the sea,
We came - we came, ready for
refreshment,
To the creakings of your house -
To the mussles and sandcrabs on the
beach and in your drawers -
We came to you, in a rush off the
highway,
While you, calmly and pregnantly
cooked artichokes in the kitchen -
Then we all lay down together
Underneath the night sea wind
That played across our tired bodies
Like spanish moss.

EILEEN ADAMS

To Father

I walking on the railroad ties
I am on your legs sometimes
I am using your eyes
to see
The mussle shells cracked and jammed
Between the pilings
Father to see
Blackberry vines naked and rusty
Pushing up through concrete and
Around the fence posts
Enterweaving earth and sky father
Pushing back the city
With your legs and with your star eyes
With your hands of rock and moss
Laying her to seed in crimson sage
Again making her to seed the highway.

Stirring up dirt
I throw my leg
Over the motorcycle
And hang on
Down grizzly peak we hit air
pockets of plum blossom and pine
Henry turns back and shouts to me
I shout yes I shout yes
'cause I didn't hear him
My leg stinging with wind
Where I burned it on tailpipe.

Everyone's got
a ring around
the fourth finger
of
the left hand
I move to you
With my empty finger
And together we fill the earth
Our floor is bedrock
Our roof the volcanic sky all red
and molten

A ring around
A ring around
your belly
I make it with my arms
We make it with our bodies
Of the air fire
ring
Of the earth water
ring
around us
around us.

Sound and beat swell
  funnel of space
 dragged in earth
 planes eddy, the shaking
 cold, fish jump the horizon

    slats factory colors
  we realize   a finish
     there is a tower a
    vast dome
      a dining car there
          a sliding   seats
       sloped down
        the girders truckload of stationwagons
    a few benches at the sea

          or hens crated
                    traffic island

    the oak starlight glimmering with flowers
         sometimes the sea does turn warmer

              the gulf of ears engraved

                  from everywhere
               the dawning ends of the world

breaking ice
heat
of attempt

eat air

more of the sea

moon rocks the bodies of water
slightly
we fish
the food

sometimes in the wind, in the light

hard as a pane of glass

vine spread
on that wall
invisible years birds
fly
the earth need
motion

a dial of wind forms

roars a little some cat

wavering
or fitful reflection

branches through rain
from a lightening sky

the clouds parade
no army
there is no time
no vision that presses
distance the right speed
the earth might have its green there
there is no stone

That the neighborhood might be covered
by one roof, occured
this morning, Snow on the ground
phonepoles, flagpoles,
windows, so many chimneys,

even up the hill

grass smoking out west
the tides, clouds from the past
vanishing rain
the base

beaten out,

death when you don't want it what you like
is a plain object

the long-trunked clouds
a weltered event

shale fish broken off

a spiderweb hitched the dictionary
overnight, I left it out there,

screens in summer to keep the flies out

into the dark sea

the open garage doors
under the vine which in autumn
looks as if it still might hold

shingles, encroached saw, horses
somebody's back yard
angling out

you want the hills to rise

twigs
levelled on against the sky

After 3 days the air
empty from the rain

THE CALCULATION

I figured that some degree
of evaporation could be
expected
        even in cool twilight
turning my collar up
and buttoning the last button

Defiantly she slipped her
step-ins off twirling them
on her finger
            there's a weather map
she said, at the bus station
I remember distinctly
low barometric pressure
is predicted for the Northwest
portion

I figured, I admitted, something
like that

Ruefully she turned her back
to me and put them on again

JUDSON CREWS

SOME ACHING

Denial
to mitigate the
affirmations

A discarded
fence post
sun beaten

Rejected
of earth
piss ants

Nest in
its shattered
bowels

A spider
has stitched
an erratic

Web of denial
gutted
by affirmations

PAN-VERDE TERRA

To find out a way beyond the sorrow
said to be the boon of clay
mis-fired to be re-fired
by a devil with no longer pointed tail

The snail's silver breaks
a slender load
spiraling beyond
the stark contentions of the dread

Since man made Him
and He lasted
longer, longer than a day

So replete beyond the pleading
spiraled to the dubious reknown of being
His eye is silver
and it too is time, time
the flame is silver
the tail is pointed time

RIDGE REKNOWN

Voice choked
the water
gushes

The operas
buffeted by wads
of blonde hair

Huff huff
I whispered
to the children

But then
the guards
saw us

And came walking
on their
high stilts

We broke our
balloons loudly
and ran and ran

MARIANNE BASKIN

BLACK OUT

Roaring sound ticks
thru the clock loud
thunder cloud

under-
neath the
bed my

head roars
rain pours
buzz buzz

drops hum
woman
sets things

right time by
clocks
locks the

hours tight-
ly wound
up words

keep with
it the
time is hear the

ticks buzz
thru the
tears the

drops fall
fall fall
leaves

seconds
between
the sound.

MARIANNE BASKIN

IN REMEMBERANCE

Time's wings
have turned
into
scattered feathers

letters
for-
gotten un-
written

the grass
now green
with rain
drops this

year's
flowers
against the
window.Sight

changed eyes
scatter visions
sugar plums have
danced

each
feather lands
and
grows

words
blossom
to this
year's eyes.

MARIANNE BASKIN

MUSE

I sit
clustered
in flowers
in bloom

I sing
my hand
my mouth
opens

myself
something moves
unfolds
comes

through
the air
spirits of
the world

a song
hold
me through
it.

MARIANNE BASKIN

SESAME

Love love
like open
up like
open I

feel you in-
side me in
deeply
pushing

opens the
tap flows in-
side me
deep in-

side love
me love
push in
open

I am for
you flowing
in me
love love

tap tap
hard hurt
opens flow
joy thru me

I open
to you
thru you
for you

by you I
am opened
up wide
a hard thing

a hard thing
makes liquid
flow thru
and me open.

BILL CODY

ZEROING IN ON CONVERSATION

We all agree to miss the point,
at certain times

to start again

(We work so well together, friend

Ignore-

ance

serves a purpose

none of us can mend

MINDING THE STORE

a little while, you will be here -

the kittens broke yr glass swan,
that was given to you

only yesterday.
that, & our last vase.

like myself:
when i think of us

on such a narrow

edge -

we dance around each other's skin

to touch; peace,
our minds touch.

we stored all our fears in the basement,
among the books & papers we have no use for

& leaned, 1 on the other -

i found i needed you.

each time we have an argument, why is it -

after i am sorry,
after we have gone to bed

as lovers,

after the tears & the sweat

of love, embracing -

tell me why most often then
i see deepest into yr eyes.

this fear of leaving -
who wd be left behind,
& what wd be forgotten?

BILL CODY

ANARCHY IS A STATE OF MIND

You know how madness creeps into
the night, slips around yes-
terday's door to memory, leaves you terrified
of consequences & what was left behind

by ageless reason, circumstance
leads to accidental lapses
& you scream at changes in the sea.

You wave, to the wind for a sunset of gold
& amethyst, sing rainbows
of the moon in time.
While the seasons turn upon themselves
you grow stiffly old.

In a pre-fabricated dance
you're humming out of tune.

IF YOU STOP, TO SEE HOW YOURE DOING (SOMETHING HAPPENS

You can raise the dead,
make yr walls crumble.

(Now! the towers give way,
tumble like the sky
runs before a storm)

You talk long enough,
youll join yr own song.

Sure you can raise the dead--

Dont hesitate,
but watch what youre making.

How it moves without you

Advice

I told him
there is no
only way
and
having pulled
his chair from
under him
said
i dont like
your methods

the next time
i met him
he had half
a soapbox
glued to each foot

he felt foolish
about his
awkward steps
but
was otherwise
comfortable

care
was broken

(not
true,
not
so strictly

such times,
will
is a matter
of philosophy

helplessness
is nearer
the point

(we act
like
all
the king's men

the flags go up
dont
tread
on me

if it is
done wrongly
belief dies

wrongly

others sense it
i
am the last
to know

bitter monologues
seem so
redeeming

Mind-bending

"angels are sponges.....

imagine that you can hear
everything in advance

"i liked him much better as.....
"the usual ten percent

"section twelve of the code says.....
"after all, i rather think

i want to leave
the back fence of my mind

"angels are sponges.....
"water buds brilliance

"day by candlelight.....
"a walking surprise

Daniel D. Teoli Jr.
Archival Collection